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F. D. M.

H O L L A N D.

March 30 1 8 7 2.

Celebration of 300 years of Dutch Independence.

1572 - 1872.

F.D.M. TRIP TO HOLLAND. Celebration of 300 years of DUTCH INDEPENDENCE. 1572 -1872.

March 30 1872.

Leaving Antwerp, three of us, in the narrow side wheel river steamer "Telegraaf" at 10 a,m. we skimmed down stream at a rapid rate for nearly two hours with both wind and tide favorable. The day was glorious - the sun as warm as in June and thin flakey clouds only in the heavens. There were but three or four cabin passengers in the boat so we had the whole deck to ourselves and made the most of the unvarying river banks which are always dykes and which almost completely hide the occasional villages along the river. It is no unfrequent sight , one of these picturesque fishing towns , the roofs alone visible from the river. We passed Fort Lillo in about 40 minutes after leaving Antwerp and in a little more than an hour later we suddenly shot into the mouth of the canal which connects the Wester Scheldt with the Ooster Scheldt cutting across the island of Beveland. The moment we touched the shore of Holland it began to rain - a characteristic welcome, we called it. After leaving the Scheldt we passed immediately into an immense iron lock or rather stone lock with iron gates and while the custom-house officials were busy with the baggage and freight, we were locked up about two fathoms into the canal. When we entered the lock we could not see the houses and trees in the country at all. but as we gradually rose the vast level of Beveland spread out before us broken here and there by formal rows of trees and an occasional spire or windmill with adjoining buildings. In front of us, the broad canal reached into the distance until its sides seemed to meet, and its surface was dotted with the heavy, clumsy boats of the Hollanders, and the banks by houses here and there which marked the crossing of the bridges. The difference between Belgium and Holland was noticeable at once, the cleanliness and order being immediately apparent at our first sight of the latter land. For an hour we were in the canal and amused ourselves by trying to keep dry on deck. The banks of the canal were for the whole distance covered by a wattling of willows for several feet above the water mark. Stakes are driven down, bunches of twigs piled in between then all this bound together basket like with

against the wash of the water and the willow is extensively cultivated everywhere for this purpose. At the end of the canal we were locked down into the Ooster Scheldt and there traversed this dreary waste of sand and water until about 5, stopping at one or two places to take and leave passengers, when we came to Willemstad with its curious towers and old fortifications. We stopped but a moment here and continued on our way up the Hollandschdiep till we came to Moerdyk where the new railroad bridge- a fine iron structure with 14 arches, - crosses the estuary. Here we entered another canal and soon came in sight of Dordrecht. The first thing that struck us as remarkable was the number of windmills which were all in motion; we counted 21 on the canal bank as we entered the town. There are 99 in all in the immediate vicinity. They are very picturesque being often thatched in roof and sides and are dazing in the extreme when in motion. We could almost imagine the feelings of Don Quixote when he attacked the monster, there is such a fascination about the movement. At Dordrecht we saw some picturesque buildings and a good deal of shipping. After leaving there we took another canal and at 7.30 reached Rotterdam sparkling along the water's edge with its thousands of street lanterns for a long distance each way. We found the city a perfect transformation scene, hung as it was with millions of flags and profusely adorned "as to its streets" with evergreen. The cause of such a display was, as we knew, the celebration of Dutch independence the 300th anniversary of which occurred on April 1. The streets of Rotterdam are narrow, the city being very compact, and on this account the decorations were the more effective. As in Belgium on like occasions, venetian ~~curbstone~~ masts were planted along the curbstones and these served as supports for the drapery and evergreen in addition to that which covered the houses. In many streets little evergreen trees were planted in the same way - the trunks of these were often painted orange. The prevailing colors were red, white and blue - the national colors - and orange the liberty color of the Dutch. Everywhere on the façades immense "W"s (King William) in orange drapery or arranged to show arranged to show candles in the evening. The shop windows were one

mass of orange; 1572-1872 in oranges or in packages of sweet-meats done up in orange papers adorned every confectioner's window. The effect of this blaze of color under an artificial light, the bunting reflecting itself in the quiet canals which intersect the city in all directions, was something charming. The streets were full of people, and we could hardly believe we were not of a crowd of "supers" pacing up and down the stage in the glare of the footlights - the effect of the decorations was so scenic. We wandered about the city after we had deposited our luggage at the Hotel St. Petrus in the principal street - Hoog St.- and after a thorough exploration of the bower-like streets retired all three in a large chamber adorned with paintings, set in the wall and ceiling, several yards across and executed in 1765.

The next day, Sunday, we took on a long constitutional in several directions, admiring the picturesque canals, the clean streets and quaint architecture. We found the museum not open so we contented ourselves with a sight of the outside. The statue of Erasmus in the Groote Markt is rather insignificant. All the people in the streets wore orange decorations and so we stuck a piece of the ribbon in our buttonholes. Rosettes and caps were the commonest, but often we saw shirt-frills, gloves, waistcoats, cuffs, hatbands, handkerchiefs, and even stockings of this color. The people were very quiet, but joyous - a great difference in the Dutch and Flemish idea of enjoyment. We saw but few drunk and none noisy. Toward noon we visited the church of St. Laurens and heard the famous organ played after the services. The tone was wonderful. The church - formerly a cathedral - is rather ugly inside; the nave is filled with pews inclined toward the centre from each side, and a high fence separates these from the corridor around. The roof is wooden and dingy yellow in color, by no means harmonizing in its thoroughly modern aspect with the old gothic stone pillars and arches that support it. As we entered the church the services were finishing and we were struck to see the whole congregation rise and all the gentlemen clap on their hats at once. The prayerbooks, we noticed, were as large as Websters Unabridged, which is the more remarkable as the church is Protestant. The organ by the way has 72 stops and 4762 pipes the

largest being 32 ft. long and 17 in. through.

At noon we took the train for the Hague, but decided on the way to stop at Delft. The scenery between R. & D. was characteristic enough, always the same. We saw cows grazing in the meadows and in 9 cases out of 10 the animal was warmly blanketed. We saw also fine sheep and several sows grazing like cows. Schiedam, the place where "schnapps" is made, we passed on the route, but found little to see. At Delft we were delighted at the picturesque appearance of the old church (Oude Kerk) with its leaning tower. It contains the monument to Van Tromp and Pet Hein, but we did not enter. Opposite this church is the low brick structure, now used as a barrack, famous as the Prinsenhof or palace where William I was assassinated. We strolled through the clean streets over the quiet canals to the great market place where stands the new church ("Nieuve Kerk") opposite the fine hotel de ville. We found an old duffer who offered to show us the church and so we accepted stipulating the price 3 stuivers per person. He conducted us with military precision to the door, ran and got the key and the Suisse and we went in, the old chap making the most "dancing-masterish" steps all about us, but addressing himself chiefly to me as the spokesman. The interior isn't fine, but the monument to WilliamI is. His effigy in marble with his dog's lies upon a marble sarcophagus under a canopy at the corners of which are bronze allegorical statues of Liberty, Justice, Prudence and Religion. At the head of the effigy is a statue of himself in bronze and at the foot a remarkable statue representing the Goddess of Victory which weighs, the Suisse said, 2000 kilogrammes; it is supported on one foot alone. After we left the church the old soldier-dancing-master-guide wanted some fees, but as I had stipulated, I gave him none to his great disgust. We immediately set out for the Hague on foot preferring to walk a bit rather than to take the horserailway which goes there or the cars. Before leaving the town I visited a bakery and in the purchase of some huge Dutch sandwiches got into an interesting talk with the bakers girl, who kindly directed me to the Hague, and gave much good advice. I was flattered at her understand-

me so well and in the future had no apprehensions about the language. On the way to the Hague we walked along the canal bank on a most excellent road bordered with fine trees and many country residences. All of these are surrounded by a little canal and bear such names as "Buiten Rust" (Suburban Rest), "Torgen vlijt" (Away from care), "Ons Genoegen" (Our delight) etc. The canal presented many picturesque views with the windmills and groups of houses and as a stiff breeze was blowing from the sea, a few miles distant, the walk was both invigorating and delightful. A little more than an hour brought us to the Hague and we marched up the broad, clean streets around the market and churches, but decided not to stay but to go to Amsterdam as the fête at the Hague would evidently be of little importance. Our reception at this latter place as we promenaded the streets amused us. Everybody stared and stared - and the streets were full. Go where we would we encountered the full gaze of a crowd. In fact we made quite a sensation and rather enjoyed it after we got used to it some. Evidently, as we afterward learned in the train, strangers are rare there in this season. So leaving this beautiful city to be visited later we took the 4:25 for Amsterdam.

The way was varied by occasional stoppages, and the scenery diversified by the sight of the immense sand hills or dunes to the left. These are thrown up by the wind on the sea shore, and in some cases are 200 feet in height. Leijden we passed, and a half hour or more later Haarlem, both of which we intended visiting later. Near the latter city we saw acres of hyacinths in bloom and hundreds of hot houses. Here is the metropolis of Dutch bulbs - the most famous garden in Europe. The colors of these beds were magnificant. At half-weg we caught our first view of the Ij and the land beyond where Zaandam is situated. All we could see of the land was windmills and it was a forest literally of these whirlagigs - the whole horizon being windmills. Amsterdam came soon in sight and we reached it at about 6 p.m.

As we marched up the Haarlemsche Dijk into the middle of the town we entered a scene similar to that I described at Rotterdam, only the decorations were more complete. The people we met on the street were costumed
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strangely, nearly every one. Many of the ladies wore a plate of ornamented gold across the forehead, either straight across or diagonal, from either end of which depended rosettes or spirals of gold and often square plates of the same with pendants below. Earrings are worn as well, and a rich lace cap covers the head and the ends touch the shoulders. A very common but more costly headdress is a gold plate fitting the head closely and having a slit or opening made so as to show the hair parting. From under this helmet like ornament a little rosette of hair protudes on either side of the forehead. This plate sometimes takes the form of a broad band - say three inches in width - passing round behind the head from temple to temple. The lace cap is always worn except occasionally in the house. These ornaments are very rich being of pure metal and often are set with diamonds and other precious stones. In the street the head has often no other covering than the lace and gold, but sometimes a curious bonnet is worn looking like an old fashioned "scoop" wrong end up. The girls and boys of the orphan asylums are frequently met on the street, the former wear little lace caps that run out to a point behind and terminate in two square flaps on the forehead. The dress of both sexes is one half red and the other black like some convicts. The Frieslanders and Zeelanders all wear gold plates spoken of above and although peasants, are often immensely rich. The precious ornaments descend as heirlooms from generation to generation. These peculiarities of dress were only a few of the many that we saw on the way up to the Dam or central square that evening. On every hand we saw great preparations for the illumination the following evening. In front of the palace was erected a wooden structure nearly as large as the façade of the palace - probably 250 ft. long and 100 feet high - on which was to be hung thousands of tumblers filled with tallow. All along the canals were placed posts at intervals of about six feet, each of them painted red, white, and blue and orange, and surmounted with a lithograph of William I "De grondligger van Neerlands vrijheid". Every other post was a short one and a strip of board connected these all. forming a series of large scallops. All sorts of devices in gas gets were hung out and active preparations were made for

the fête. After we had found a hotel the "Olderwelt" on the Niewendijk we promenaded round the city till near midnight often losing ourselves among the canals and crooked streets. The city is intersected by numerous canals or grachts running round in semi-circles concentric, yet broken and cut up by the Amstel which runs through the heart of the town, and by various little canals. The city is really ninety islands, and these are connected by nearly 300 bridges. Many of the streets are quite narrow and were quite roofed in with the evergreen decorations and flags.

Early Monday morning we started out and circled round and round and finally found one Museum - the Foder - open. We therefore entered and were well entertained for an hour or two. Saw the much engraved picture of Ary Scheffer "Christus Consolator", several wonderful ones by Decamp; one by DeKeyser the director at Antwerp, several Verlats and Cermaks, Dykmans, Rosa Bonheur and a host of others. After the Museum we called on Steffelaar on the "Singel by the Kortjespoortsteeg" and he accompanied us around the city down to the bridge where the Amstel enters the city. Here we took lunch under the bridge itself in a little beer house that overlooks the water, and after the bite we visited the boat and yacht club houses and inspected the curious yachts of the burghers. Then after a turn about the crystal palace and the new hotel the "Amstel", we left Steffelaar and wandered through the Jewish quarter where we found many curious types and droll characters. Nearly 30,000 of the 275,000 people in the city are Jews and their quarter near the Amstel is very rich. Here are situated their synagogues and the diamond mills, and among the many hundred houses in the quarter there are a good proportion of fine structures. We finished our walk by a turn around the docks and near the Oosterlyk Dok we found the American consul's house decorated and bearing portraits of William I and G. Washington with the motto "The champions of civil liberty."

After dinner we waited for the darkness, then started out to see the illuminations. We found the streets a blaze of jets and full of people. By the time we reached the Dam we felt the rain which fell for the hundredth

time that day, amd it rained at intervals the whole evening. The Dam was as light as day and the electric lights at several points scarcely made a show in the blaze of gas and candles. The wooden structure in front of the palace was a complete temple of fire. About a dozen columns supported a roof which bore on ~~either~~ the cupola a crown and on either end an urn and fountain. The whole was lighted by means of different colored tumblers of glass with cheap tallow and a wick. The effect of the light is very pleasing being mellow and constant. In the streets leading out of the Dam the scene was indescribable. I can only say it was a perfect blaze. At several places the streets are spanned with arches of gas jets meeting at the centre and bearing the crown & W. We strolled down to the bridge on the Amstel and found it illuminated even to the water's edge so that it seemed a bridge of fire. This with the long lines of scollops and the blazing façades of the houses and the vessels all hung with chinese lanterns was reflected in the perfectly smooth river giving a double value to the illumination and producing an effect almost magical. The Herren and Kaisers grachts were indescribably beautiful with the long scallops reflected with the mottoes, rising suns, crowns and other devices that adorned the houses of the solid men of Amsterdam who inhabit especially the former canal. The Stadhuis (Hotel de Ville) bore two lions and the arms in glass prisms lighted from behind with electric or lime light. I could go on and speak of the illuminations at great length and tell of whole blocks of houses decorated and lit up in a splendid manner, but at the end I should say it is indescribable and nothing less. In the course of three hours of the evening walk we were too tired to move any more so retired satisfied. I should have spoken of the evergreen arches that spanned every street and crossway guarded by men and women in orange clothes who beg money from the passers in a most importunate manner. I had almost forgotten as well to speak of the procession which was the great feature of the day. It was of a historical character yet in detail essentially modern. Imagine two or three miles of men in black clothes amd tall hats with hussars on either side and occasional triumphal cars and frequent banners and insignia, and you have a good idea of the

procession. It was composed of the members of all the societies of tradesmen, each bearing their banner and symbols. Besides these there were companies of archers, men wearing the armour used at Briel 300 years ago when William I laid the foundation of Dutch Independence by the capture of that place from the Spaniards. One of the most noticeable features was the veterans of 1815 who turned out in great numbers; the stuffed lion, and an immense cigar borne by the cigar makers both deserve mention. The crowds we encountered that day were more like Americans than any other people and I felt when among them that I should not be ashamed to be called a Dutchman. There was a good deal of singing. "The Watch on the Rhine", "Marching along", "The Beautiful river" and "Wien Neerlands Bloed" were the most popular. We saw several bands of the low classes dancing round in masquerade costumes like the Flemings, but I was very much pleased at the general tone of the fête. I would like to have our 100th anniversary so well celebrated. Here the enjoyment was universal and high and low participated in it. After all we were not sorry when it was over so we could see the galleries of pictures. However I can never forget the fairy-like aspect of the bridge on the Amstel, nor the charming effects on the canals and the grand fiery architecture in the Dam. These will always be fresh I am sure when the details of the fête shall have been lost.

On the following morning, Tuesday: we visited the great museum in the Trippenhuis and spent all the forenoon there. Were I to speak of the wonderful pictures we saw or to attempt to describe any of them, I could have no room for anything else. I can only say that the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt, and the "Syndics" by the same, the "Supper in celebration of the Peace of Munster" by Van der Helst were more than equal to our expectations. By these three we were more than repaid the visit to Amsterdam and fully felt when in their presence that we were looking on greater pictures than we had ever seen before. The paintings of Dow, Steen, Potter Huysam and a score of others I could name were all perfect in their way and we only regretted our want of time to study more intimately all these great works. The museum was formerly a private, [illegible] American [illegible]

house and badly lighted and the pictures do not show half as well as they would elsewhere. After spending the forenoon here, we visited the Van der Hoop Museum where we saw more pictures by the same artisits and many other gems which are equally beyond my powers to describe. After an hour or more in this museum we, in company with Stiffelaar and Verhulst, (the latter we met in the Museum quite to our surprise), we visited the Zoological Gardens where we spent the rest of the afternoon. The collection of animals was very complete comprising two full grown Hippopotami and every variety of rare and interesting beasts. The serpents and birds were also very complete; among the former a huge snake with a body as large round as a stove funnel was remarkable, and among the latter some white peacocks were new to us. In the repitle department there were two rare salamanders - great "pollywog" like monsters. The lions were also fine specimens. There is in connection with the garden a very good collection of weapons, tools, costumes and models of houses of the natives in the Dutch colonies. There were two large halls full of these things and among them were some wonderfully carved japan vases in bronze as large as a barrel, some rich jewelry etc. and a magnificent collection of daggers with sheaths of gold set with diamonds etc. We also visited the museum of objects of Natural History, and here we saw armour, flags etc. from the old wars, in addition to a large museum of skeletons stuffed birds and animals. By the time we had finished our rounds it was nearly six and so we left without taking a second peep at the animals. The gardens are laid out with remarkable good taste and the beasts quarters are very well arranged. In fact it is one of the finest gardens in Europe. One of the perculiarities of it is that it is only open to such of the citizens of Amsterdam as happen to be members of the society. As may be imagined we retired early that night.

Wednesday morning we began our attempts to enter some of the famous private galleries. We applied first to a gentleman who usually introduces strangers . He said they weren't to be seen so we went to the American consul; he introduced me to a Mr. Humphries, an American

genealogist and skater here who accompanied us kindly to a Mr. Six' house where the best gallery was. There to our sorrow we learned that all the pictures were away to be placed in the Spring exhibition which was to be opened on the following Monday. To console us in part for our disappointment Mr. Humphries took us to a Diamond Mill in the Jewish quarter of the town. The Mill, or Diamond slijperij was named the Coster Mill after the inventor of the type. It was a large manufactory to all appearances rather than a place where precious stones were cut. We first went up in the top of the building with a Jew for a guide and witnessed the operation of splitting diamonds for the dust with which to polish them. Here the workmen kindly showed us several large irregular shaped stones and a mass of small stones, besides going through the operation of splitting them for us to see. In the story below this one we entered a large room where on each side were ranged large wheels revolving horizontally from which ran bands which carved a great number of smaller iron disks along the sides of the room. At each of these desks was seated a workman who was employed in polishing. Two heavy iron arms about a foot in length are adjusted so that one end may rest on the top of this iron disk near the circumference. On each of these arms is attached the diamond set in lead and the weight of the iron presses the stone with sufficient force against the disk. The disk is made of soft iron and upon the diamond is placed from time to time a drop of oil mixed with diamond dust. Of course as fast as one face of the stone is polished it is turned over in the lead, or rather it is reset and another face ground. By having two arms more work is done at the same disk of course. There are several workmen on each side of the large room whose sole occupation is to set the diamond in the arms. In all the rooms of this single mill there must be several hundred disks, and when you consider that there are a great number of mills in the city, some idea of the immense business done in this line may be formed. In the office we saw models of all the celebrated diamonds in the world, the Kohinoor etc. etc. besides some beautiful specimens of genuine green and blue diamonds. We were shown

the engine that runs the mill and although it is considered a wonder. I found it not equal to many I had seen in the States. On our way from the diamond mill to the Dam we passed through several crowded streets and were mush entertained by the sight of the true Jewish types in all their repulsiveness. On the corner or the streets cold boiled liver is sold which the passers buy and eat as a luxury. Pickles are also a favorite I noticed, and young Jewesses are very like American schoolgirls after all; every girl you meet is sucking a lime or a cucumber.

The palace we found well worthy a visit. We entered by the backway because the building is constructed with no front or main entrance, only a small door on either side. The keeper said he was preparing to receive the king on the next Monday so we would have an opportunity of seeing the house at its best. We were shown to the king's chamber first. It is a room of medium size, the walls hung with blue damask, and the curtains and drapery "du lit" the same. The carpet was turkish, the furniture plain. The audience room was next entered where we saw several large paintings and some curious paintings of bas reliefs over the doors which we could hardly believe were not plaster or marble it appeared to be in such perfect relief. The tea room was very cosy, hung with yellow damask. In these two latter halls as well as in several smaller rooms the carpets were the richest I ever saw. They were woven to fit, and the nap, or plush, was at least ¾ of an inch long, so it was almost like a carpet of moss. The foot would leave quite a perceptible impression on it. The throne room is very large and hung with curtains of red damask with deeper red velvet drapery at the top. The throne is elevated on a platform two or three steps high; it is a large chair-like affair of red velvet under a canopy of red damask backed by the arms of Holland painted on silk. At the left stands a glass case with the flags of the 80 years' war. The throne is by no means comfortable for I tried it. Perhaps the king has a footstool; with a high one I could have sat easier perhaps. The queen's chamber is rarely shown, but we saw it. It is draped throughout with modest yellow damask. The ball room, said by the guide to be the largest in Europe

without pillars, is grand. It is 120 X 60 and 100 ft high. The sides are of solid marble carved beautifully and two rows of candelebras hang from the ceiling by cords draped with blue. The upper end is ornamented with an immense statue of Atlas supporting the universe, and on both ends hang a large number of battle flags. The ensign used at the citadel at Antwerp in 1832 is draped on the left as you enter. The drapery and ornamentation is chaste and pleasing; the size of the hall is immense, unobstructed as it is by pillars, and the whole aspect much ahead of any similar room I have seen. The carpet is Turkish also. The furniture throughout the palace is very fine and is desrving of special mention, but I must leave this as also a description of the marble carving with which nearly all the rooms are decorated. In fact the great part of the interior is of solid marble, and in consequence the atmosphere is a bit tomb-like. The king resides here but 8 days in the year.

After the palace we took the steamboat for Zaarndam, a small city on the other side of the Ij where is situated the little hut occupied by Peter the Great when he was studying shipbuilding incognito in 1697. A sail of about a half an hour brought us to the wharf in Zaarndam and we found it a very picturesque place. From the water it is only windmills, windmills, windmills. There are some 400 in town which are employed in making cement, sawing timber, pumping etc. etc. On the horizon, through the trees, above the houses, between the buildings, everywhere you see these great revolving arms, and from the water it appears as if it might be dangerous to walk the streets. However we found on landing that the only danger to be apprehended was from the girls who thronged the streets in great numbers. They were, with a very few exceptions, remarkably pretty. All wore their hair long and were dressed à la Parisienne and no mistake. We had been saying all along that Holland was the place on earth for pretty girls for we had been greatly astonished in every city at the sight of so much beauty. But here in this little city of 12000 inhabitants, where coats cut in the beginning of the last century are still worn by the men and bonnets and in fashion at least 200 years ago are in common use [illegible] at least 200 years ago are in common use among the

women, we found beauty and fashion at its height and we voted that if Holland was the country of pretty girls, Zaarndam was the city of all others. But we didn't stop all the afternoon looking at the girls, we started to seek the hut of St Peter; before we found it we rambled and wandered for an hour along canals, through backyards, down little lanes and byeways till we became quite the laughing stock of a multitude of guides who were zealously offering to show it to us for a "dubblije" (10 cents). We were too proud at last to take any assistance though once it seemed hopeless to attempt to find it without. At last however we came across the little narrow footpath that led to it and a short walk brought us to a new wooden building with glass sides, under which stands the hut. It is of boards and contains two rooms only, perhaps a dozen feet square. Some curious old fashioned chairs with three legs and a table constitute the only articles of furniture. The larger of the two rooms contains the fireplace, and also the tablets placed by Emperor Alexander and the present Emperor of Russia, respectively, to commemorate their visits to the hut. There are also here portraits of the Czar Peter and the Empress. The walls of both rooms are covered with the names of visitors and we followed the fashion and wrote ours as well. Another short walk around the town finished our visit to Zaarndam, and we took the boat for Amsterdam again. The canals in Z. are very picturesque; nearly every house is surrounded by one as we would use a hedge and there are of course hundreds of picturesque little bridges and groups of houses. When we were going to the boat we observed many families taking tea in a very social manner and watching the street at the same time. The tables were set right beside the windows.

Thursday morning we took one last look into the Museum then left in the 11:25 for Haarlem. The fête in Amsterdam was not entirely over when we left. On the way to the station we met a crowd of orange clad boys and girls and the shop windows still display the colors. Moppen and Banket - two sorts of sweetmeats are seen everywhere orange; cigars are sold in boxes branded and labelled orange; orange packages of tea and coffee, even orange wood toothpicks. I should have spoken of the way milk is carried in A. The

milkmen or milkmaids as the case may be are seen on the streets at all times of the day. They carry their milk in wooden buckets or in kegs suspended ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ from either end of a yoke which fits the shoulders. Everything is polished up to the "notches" and looks too clean to be used. We ~~also~~ also saw a funeral. The hearse is a sledge draped in the most melancholy manner in black even to the ground. The mourners wear a part small clothes and cocked hats, and have a long cloth tail that hangs from the back of the coat collar to the heels. A veil is attached to the hat also. Another, and perhaps a cheaper sort of mourner, gets up in a rusty suit of black and the tail, but has not the knee breeches and wears a chapeau-like hat with the broad side in front. Although they are ridiculous enough they are far less disgusting than the dirty blackguards who officiate at catholic funerals in Antwerp.

Arrived at Haarlem we went at once to the old church but it was shut. We therefore strolled a bit around the town then returned and found the organ playing. A number of citizens and some strangers were promenading round the church. We found the organ better than the one at Rotterdam. It was considered a few years ago to be the best in the world, but I think it is not now. The pipes are 5000 in number, the largest being 32 feet long and 15 inches through. It has 4 keyboards and 64 stops. It was built in 1735. The interior of the church is the best we have seen in Holland. It is lofty and spacious, the roof though of wood is finely designed and if the sides were not whitewashed to such a dazzling briliiancy, the inside would be pleasing enough. A cannonball sticks in the wall, a relic of the Spanish siege; the tomb of Coster is also here and a bronze statue of him stands in front of the church in the square. The pews are arranged similar to those in the Church at Rotterdam; three models of Dutch vessels stand in the transept curiously enough. Opposite the church is the "boucherie", a very strange old building of florid architecture and quaint appearance. It is covered all over with strange pinnacles and ornaments. The Stadhuis (Hotel de ville) is also a very curious building, and as well as [illegible] is of a different architecture from anything we have before

seen. We set out for the Pavilion immediately after our visit to the church and here found quite a large but by no means remarkable collection of paintings. The most striking was a painting of the battle of Waterloo by Pieneman. The canvas measures 30 X 20 and it is the best battlescene I have found yet. The pictures were mostly modern. Near the Museum or Pavilion is the park of Haarlem, a large beech forest with beautiful walks, deer, cafés etc. In this wood we found the monument which was erected to Coster on the spot where he first cut a wooden type. On our return from the wood we found to our sorrow that it was too late to visit the Stadhuis so we were obliged to leave for Leyden without seeing the paintings of Franz Hals. The artist lived in Haarlem and the celebrated Wouvermans, the painter of horses, lived and died there. The fish market in H. is attached to the cathedral or rather the "groote kerk" where the organ is. The fish women are very picturesque; they carry their burdens in baskets slung knapsack like on their backs. The old women in town all seem to wear cloaks made of bed quilts or of calico wadded like a bed cover.

On the way to Leyden we passed many flower gardens with acres of hyacinths, tulips etc. in blossom. Arrived at L. we had time enough to get dinner and stroll about the town before dark. We found lodgings at a little inn, the Plaats Roijall situated on one of the many canals very near its junction with that arm of the Rhine which flows through Leyden in the form of a sluggish canal. The water is stationary except when the gates are opened at Katwijk on the sea shore to let the accumulated water out. In some respects we found the city one of the best we had visited. It is the oldest town in Holland; very many of the houses are quaint indeed and the canals are, almost without exception, more picturesque then they commonly are. The Stadhuis on the Breeds straat is a long low building ornamented with red lions and curious carved works and is of very bizarre architecture. In the centre of the town is a round brick structure on a mound which was originally a castle of Drusus. It is not very picturesque. The University building is on the canal very near our hotel. It is a house of the 16th century

~~near our hotel.~~ It is a house of the 16th century built of brick with

Rhine (or Rijn as they spell it here). From Leyden trehochuits, or canal passenger boats run to all the neighbouring villages. We did not try one although we wanted to for the novelty of the thing. Toward noon we left for the Hague and reached the Museum in time to have a good two hours look at the pictures. Paul Potter's celebrated Bull, the gem of the museum was wonderful - fully equal to our expectations. Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lesson" rather disappointed me after seeing his "Night Watch" at Amsterdam. However at the Hague is his most perfect work, a little picture "The Presentation in the temple" Simeon and the infant Jesus. It was magnificent. There are also several heads by Rembrandt. Besides the names above mentioned there are masterpieces by Van Ostade, van der Helst, Steen, Dow, Mieris, Rubens, Vandyck, Murillo, Guido, Holbein, Durer, Salvator Rosa, Wouverman etc. etc. The Bull by Potter was, at the time of Napolean when it was at the Louvre, considered the fourth picture in the world in point of value. As I have previously done I skip any dissertation I might like to write on the pictures that so interest us thinking that I shall always have a lively recollection of them and can better tell my impressions than write them. In the lower story is a series of 5 rooms filled with the most beautiful specimens of Japanese ornamental and useful productions, beside a valuable and interesting show of old armour, guns and other weapons. Among the relics, the clothes worn by the Prince of Orange at the time of his assinsination with the bullet and piece of bone interested us the most. We took a hurried glance at these wonderful relics and curiosities and were obliged to leave as the museum closed. After the museum we took a walk to Scheveningen, the celebrated watering place and fishing village. The road leads through a beautiful beech wood with country residences on either side. One of these the "Zorgvhit" was once the home of the Dutch poet Cats. As we enter the forest we see on the right a sign which names it as the king's hunting ground. From the number of rooks cawing in the trees, we judged that to be the favorite game. The road to Scheveningen is but a mile and a half long and the walk under the beeches was all too short. We passed

stone facings, rather plain with the entrance on a courtyard decidedly dreary in aspect. A beautiful botanical garden is connected with this building.

Friday morning we started early for another look at the town and entered as early as possible the Natural History Museum on our canal close to the hotel. The building is a very large hollow square three stories high. It is admirably arranged for the exhibition of the collections. As our time was somewhat limited we could only give the collections a rapid glance and we found them far superior to anything of the kind we had ever seen. The specimens prepared anatomically are wonderful and the department of comparative anatomy is one of the best and most complete in the world it is said. They have every kind of stuffed animals I ever heard of and many I have never read about; elephants, seals, walruses, camels, crocodiles etc. etc. in great numbers. Millions of birds, bats, fishes, snakes etc. etc. Besides the stuffed specimens they have the skeletons as well. Every species of bird, fish or animal is represented by a number of specimens not by a single one alone. There are miles of cases I dare say, for we were an hour and a half in a quick walk among them. The University owes its reputation as a school of medicine and science to the valuable collections open to the students. There are by the way about 600 pupils I believe. After our quick visit to this museum, I had a grander idea of Noah's ark than ever before.

The museum of antiquities which we next visited kept us intensely interested all the time we could devote to it. The collection of Egyptian antiquities is very complete comprising an immense cabinet of ornaments very rich and rare, sarcophagi, mummies etc. etc. They have also large cases of ancient weapons as well as a great number of Roman and Greek arms, offensive and defensive, the statuary comprises several Greek and Roman marbles, many busts of the emperors etc., all original, Egyptian, Japanese, Javanese and other heathen divinities and also a good show of casts from the antiques, among them casts of the Elgin marbles.

Leyden is but a short way from the sea shore where there are huge gates which are opened at every low tide to let out the accumulated water in the [illegible] with two wings and

many of the picturesque fisherwomen on their way to and from the city.
They all wear immense hats of thick braided rush and on these they bear their burdens of fish. The common load is three baskets; and the hats not only serve as a pad for the head but the wide brim protects the shoulders from the drip of the fish. Under these heavy loads you often see a pretty face, but generally a bronzed, wrinkled visage, the features as hard and as coarse as a man's but the color like a head of Rembrandt. They wear little caps like the Frieslanders and smaller gold ornaments. Their dress consists of a calico jacket with short sleeves, a small plaid shawl generally purple and worn with the point behind which reaches to the waist, and the ends crossed before; the skirt is short, of coarse woollen cloth, occasionally red but more often black, and they wear always black stockings and slipper like shoes of leather. In cold weather a large mantle of thick black woollen cloth, lined with red, is thrown over all and a tall collar protects the neck. They walk very fast generally in bands of 6 or 8 and chatter like magpies or sing coarsely to while away the time. As we approach the village we see the high sand hills or dunes loom up against the sky and in a few moments are walking in a little city with its horse railroad, its bazaars and shops and fashionable girls. A glance down a side street reveals the real character of the place, for we see a perfect nest of low one story brick houses huddled together without any order and populated by the dirtiest and most picturesque civilized beings I ever saw. The railroad track which leads to the Hague stops at the foot of a little rise on which the church stands. We mount the hill and the ocean is before us. We felt as if we had discovered it, it burst upon us so unexpectedly and for the first time for a year we gazed upon a horizon of blue water. Think of it! Not a tree or a windmill on that vast plain! The beach which is broad and smooth as Nantasket beach stretches away as far as the vision extends on either side and the sand hills form quite a mountain chain which bound it. On the beach were drawn up 30 or 40 fishing boats, mostly about 60 feet in length. While we were wondering how they beached such large crafts we saw one of them coming in. In a few moments she was among the breakers with all sail set

[illegible] structure with two wings and

sometimes head on, sometimes broadside to, and she was tossed and tumbled about by the huge rollers like an egg shell. At last a large wave washed her up near the beach and the men began to get out and come ashore; those provided with armpit-high boots carrying the others off through the surf on their backs. We found that they had an anchor out in the breakers to haul off with at high water and they ran out a couple of lighter ones to fasten her to the shore. The boats are built very strongly so that they can be beached with impunity anywhere along the shore, and they draw but a couple of feet of water with their lee-boards up. They are very picturesque in build and carry red sails. The fishermen wear brown stockings up to the knees outside the trousers, a tarpaulin hat, a thick wool jacket with sleeves to the elbow, and wooden shoes on the feet when they do not wear the long boots. We wandered about the beach loath to leave the picturesque boats and groups of fishermen, but toward dark returned to the town after a turn through the little village where they accosted us on every side. They are sharp these fish women and children, for they are accustomed to visitors and always scoff at them. They called us the three Frenchmen with round hats. At Zaandam one little chap saw us eating cakes that we bought because we were a bit late for our dinner and he told every boy in town so they all shouted "Ronde hoeden en twee centen broodjes" (Round hats and two cent cakes). We did not commit a like imprudence at Scheveningen so they could only jeer at our hats which are unlike the stiff Dutch tiles.

We were much disappointed at learning the next day, Saturday, that the museum would be closed until Sunday, but determined to make the best of it, we started early for the famous House in the Wood, a royal villa erected by the widow of Prince Ferdinand Henry of Orange who was Stadtholder of the Netherlands in the 30 years war. The wood which is an oblong park reaching from the very centre of the town away into the country for two miles or more, is a magnificent forest of beech and elm intersected by numerous paths and carriage roads and diversified by a number of ponds. At a distance of over a mile into this wood, after a glorious walk among the grand old trees and along the ponds we found the [illegible] structure with two wings and

a large dome in the centre. Just before we reached the gate an elegant turnout with four black horses passed us and knowing that it must be the king we did our best to see him; we caught a glimpse of his majesty only. Following this carriage were two more similar ones and a sort of box wagon behind probably to carry the hampers in. The lackeys were dressed in long drab coats, even to their heels, drab leggings, tall hats with broad gold band and orange cockade. We visited the Huis in't Bosch (the House in the wood) and found the interior magnificently decorated. Several rooms were hung with gorgeous Chinese or Japanese tapestry and furnished with articles of Japanese workmanship. The tapestry is unrivalled. The embroidery on it is as much as 1/2 inch in relief from the silk; this was a gift from the Emperor of Japan. The dancing room under the cupola is ornamented from floor to ceiling with paintings of scenes from the life of the prince by Jordaens and other artists of the Rubens school. The ornamentation is very Rubens like and to me was not very pleasing although wonderfully rich. Our walk back was as delightful as the way out; we gathered some anemones with which the wood is literally carpeted for a souvenir of the visit. We entered the city library on our return to the town and were kindly shown the prayer books of Catherine of Aragon, Marie de Medici, Duc de Bourgogne etc. They were very interesting being decorated profusely on every page. A large book written and illuminated in 1425 was also very curious. Before leaving we glanced at the 260,000 books and saw one shelf with bibles in 30 languages. A bright idea seized us on coming out of the library and we immediately put it into execution. I had got hold of the address of Baron Steengracht Oosterland, No.3 Vijverberg, who had it was said some very fine pictures. Wth the utmost solemnity we marched up to the door which was opened by the butler who in response to my request to see the gallery replied "Certainly". We entered and found three richly furnished rooms filled with rare and beautiful paintings. In the first room was a modern painting by Bouguerau, one by de Keyser, a Missonier, a Merle, a Jerome and several others. In the second were heads by Rubens, Vandyck, Van der Helst, Rembrandt, Rubens,

pictures by Steen - the largest one of his we saw in Holland - Terners, Ruysdael, Dow, Wouvermans, Potter, Metsu and Mieris. All the masters in fact were represented in this private collection. What a host of gems must be shut up in these private galleries only to be seen by a favored few. After the visit to the Baron we took another look at the statues which I shall enumerate further on, and while we were in front of the barracks or rather palace, where the king lives looking at the equestrian statue of Prince William I, we saw the queen come out of the palace followed by a lackey and cross the street entering the large gothic building opposite on a visit to the Prince of Orange who is now sick. She was dressed in a black velvet sack trimmed with brown fur, a black silk overskirt and purple velvet dress, wearing a black velvet bonnet and no veil. All the passers stopped and took off their hats. She is a little fleshy, not bad looking and seems to live easy. The royal carriages were driving up all the time but we caught no more glimpses of royalty. Champney and I were unsatisfied with our visit to Scheveningen, and leaving Wetherbee who was a little unwell, we walked again to the shore and found it more grand than before if possible. I wanted to get one of the red jackets the fishermen wear and so in conversation with an old chap I asked him if he would sell me one. He said he would for 15 stuivers (about 30 cents U.S.), so I started to go with him to get it. There were about 100 boys about, and Champney refused to come not liking the crowd which was some noisy. I therefore did not go with the fisherman but waited till I persuaded Champney to come too. When he yielded we tried to find the old fellow again but could not. At last I hired the noisiest of the urchins to show me where the man lived and he led us for a long time among the huts saying all the time he knew where it was. However I heard him enquire of an old lady and so I told him that when he found the man we would come, and when he was out of sight we left, deeming it impossible to find anything in such a wilderness of huts. I gave the boy a copper coin before he started and he invested instanter in a cigar, probably cabbage leaf, and went off smoking. Perhaps he is hunting now for the fisherman.

I related this to give an idea of the way one well-known individual is completely swamped in that sea of almost savage humanity, and to show that while each one knows the other by sight or by name they live so in a muddle that it is doubtful if they can find their own huts. Immediately on our return from Scheveningen we started for Rotterdam leaving the Hotel Pico with regret for we were very contented there. The Hague is the most modernised of all the Dutch towns. Its streets are wide, the houses are mostly modern and very many residences are large and palatial surrounded by fine gardens. The government buildings are old and cheerless looking and the palace plain enough to be a President's House. There are many small parks and squares in the city and several statues and monuments. A large monument erected to Prince Maurice of Nassau is one of the best of the modern ones; I think it is but 4 years old. There is near the Vijver (fish pond, or like our "frog pond") a statue of William II very formal and stiff and in fron of the Museum, nearby a statue of William I on foot. Around the Vijver, as may be divined from the address of the Baron we visited (!), the ministry and aristocracy reside. The churches are not interesting. The fish market is very picturesque with the old women, the storks which always are solemnly keeping guard within, pecking occasionally at the rubbish, and the piles of fish and baskets. Altogether the town was too modern for us and we were not there in the best season, for in summer the woods and parks must be charming. At Rotterdam we stayed at the Hotel Guillaume in the Groote Markt which is a square built on arches over the canals; in front of the hotel is the small statue of Erasmus , of rather paltry appearance.

Sunday morning we rambled round the city until the museum was open and discovered many new and picturesque views. We met many of the signs that struck us as so remarkable when we first came to Holland viz: Vuur en Water. In many shops they sell lighted peat for the poor to cook by, so vuur, or fire, is actually sold. One other sign we met on the way from Delft to the Hague; it was at the entrance of a street and read as follows: "Geen Vee mag langs dezen weg gewerd worden". (No cow may be led along this street). Very frequently signs are placed at the corner of streets in the cities forbidding the entrance of carriages.

But we went to the Museum and found it, although inferior to the collections at the Hague and Amsterdam, very interesting. In the lower story are water color drawings by several artists including a valuable series of careful studies of old war vessels by Vandervelde. We saw here also several documents and the seal of Admiral Pieter Hein, or Piet Hein as he was familiarly called. The upper story contains pictures by nearly all the artists I have before spoken of. Among them - the old pictures - I found one by Titian very beautiful and a sketch of an allegorical picture by Rembrandt very interesting. There were some magnificent fruit and figure pieces by Cuyp, a portrait by Bol which surpassed any of his works I had before seen, several fine ones by van der Helst, some scenes by Steen etc. etc. There are a large number of modern pictures among them, two grand ones by Ary Sheffer which held us before them for an hour. I also saw the familiar name of De Haas on a cattle piece, and that of Van Beest, both the above being New York artists. Nearly all the marine pieces were of Scheveningen and vicinity. After the Museum we started for a walk to Delfthaven along the high Zeediyk which being bordered with large trees, and giving an extensive view of the surrounding country is a pleasant promenade. Delfthaven is about a mile from Rotterdam and possessed especial interest for us as being the place whence the pilgrims set sail. The main street of the town is along this high Dijk and the other streets are very irregular. A canal of two intersects the town and there are many picturesque spots on the "grachts". We sought for dates before 1620 and found but one; on a house near the canal we read 1603. Of course many of the houses must have been standing in the time of the pilgrims. We did not find the quarry where the pilgrims, according to A. Ward, quarried the Plymouth Rock, but we could not blame them much for wanting to leave the place. It was here that Sunday was puritanical. All the stores were shut and few were on the streets, none were working. In Rotterdam also Sunday is well observed. We returned from Delfthaven just in time to get dinner and take the boat for Moerdijk where they connect with the "Grand Central Belge". We left Holland with much regret and

enjoyed the trip on the boat well although the air was very raw. The windmills at Dort did not surprise us this time. We reached Moerdyk in about two hours and in another hour were at the frontier. When we had been through the customs we went "into Belgium" in the other part of the building and were met immediately by a characteristic noisy group of Belgians; I need not say they were drunk and that the car after we took in the Flemings at the Belgian line hire was a bedlam of oaths, songs and words. We were forcibly reminded of the difference between the Dutch and the Flemings the moment we crossed the frontier. At 9:45 we reached Antwerp.

I must disagree totally with a recent writer in the Harpers monthly in his idea of Holland and the Dutchmen. He grossly caricatured them as Englishmen often caricature Yankees. They are more like Americans than any nation I have met yet. To be sure there are some slow, plethoric old duffers, but there are also the Yankees of the comic almanacs among us in New England. I find the Dutch a very intelligent, worthy people from whom the world has received a great deal and to whom we owe more than we confess. The language is expressive and pleasing to me at least, being highly cultivated and spoken with little distinctive patois in different parts of the land. Nearly everyone speaks French and German, very many know English. I had no difficulty in speaking the Dutch although it is much different from the Flemish in pronunciation. Travelling is very expensive in Holland, due no doubt to the high taxation on account of the dikes. We paid a florin (2 francs 11 cents) where we pay but a franc in Belgium. The money is as follows:

Ryksdaalder = 2.50 Gulden.
1 Gulden (florin) = 2.11 francs = 100 cents.

Then there are 1/2 gulden pieces = 50 cents dutch; kwartjes = 25 cents, dubbeltjes = 10 cents; stuiver = 5 cents. The stuiver pieces no longer exist in the currency but are used to reckon, as we often use shillings. Everything in the country is of course scrupulously clean, it would astonish the neatest of Yankee housewives to see the bucket and pole with which the Dutch vrouw dips the water from the canal. The hotels are marvels of neatness and are well conducted. The soldiers are to a man

quick witted, intelligent and manly in appearance. They form a pleasing contrast to the beasts who riot about the streets of Antwerp in the uniform of soldiers. Perhaps one reason why I was so pleased with Holland is that there we saw no street shrines and images which here in Antwerp and the whole of Belgium proclaim-the moral slavery of the people. Holland is not priest ridden and consequently her people are more intelligent, active and selfreliant. The evil effects of priesthood are seen all too strongly marked in the customs and manners of the Flemings. Holland is one continuous picture gallery. We saw hundreds of masterpieces. I think the very best of all was Van der Helst's "Celebration of the Peace of Münster". As portraiture it must stand without a rival. While I have a better opinion of the Dutch artists than before the visit, I cannot wholly worship the most famous of them - Rembrandt, for the specimens of his production I saw in Holland. But the greatest man is sometimes weak.

FINIS.